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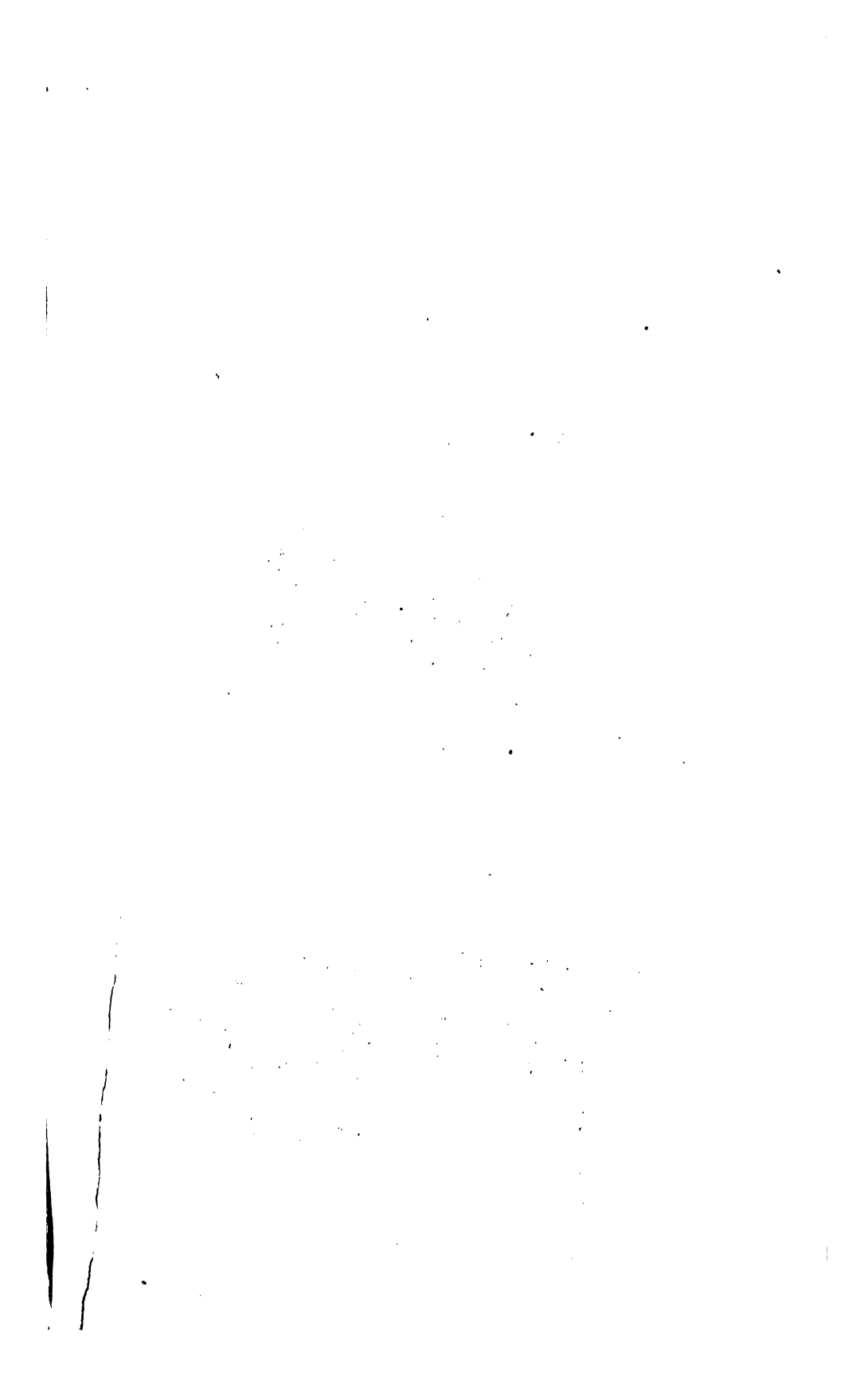
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AN ESSAY
ON THE GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

BY
W. M. THACKERAY





J. W. P. Phillips sculp.

J. C. K. K. K.

Printed by W. B. Bates

AN
ESSAY ON THE
GENIUS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

BY
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

REPRINTED VERBATIM FROM "THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW"

EDITED WITH A PREFATORY NOTE
ON THACKERAY AS AN ARTIST AND ART-CRITIC

BY
W. E. CHURCH
(Secretary of the Urban Club)

WITH UPWARDS OF FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS INCLUDING ALL THE
ORIGINAL WOODCUTS AND A NEW PORTRAIT OF CRUIKSHANK
ETCHED BY F. W. PAILTHORPE

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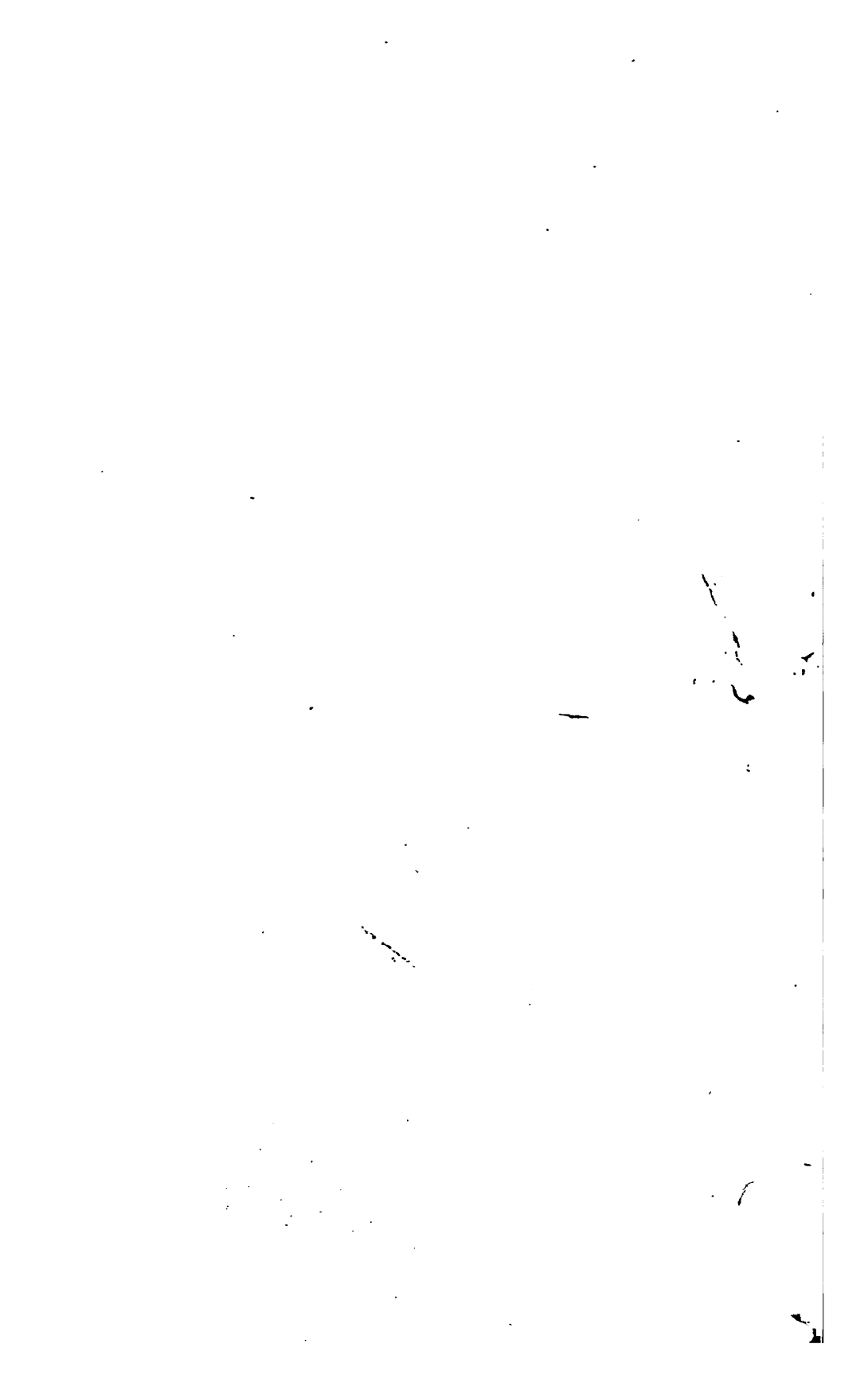
BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.;

FOR MANY YEARS

THE CLOSE FRIEND OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

17629



THACKERAY was one of the best of art critics. He had the true instinct and relish, and the nicety and directness, necessary for just as well as high criticism: the white light of his intellect found its way into this as into every region of his work.—DR. JOHN BROWN.

ALTHOUGH no exhaustive or satisfactory biography of Thackeray has hitherto been published, there can be little doubt that such a book will eventually appear. Whenever it sees the light, the readers of the work probably will find no part of it more interesting than the account of Thackeray's connexion with art. Written with sympathy and accuracy, that account ought to be as entertaining as a novel, and should bring into clearness and prominence many facts previously left in the background.

Since Thackeray's death twenty years ago, a great deal has been written in elucidation of his personal history and genius. These notices, though frequently in all other respects perfectly adequate and satisfactory, are strangely deficient in any estimate of his pictorial work; and several of them contain no allusion to his writings on art. It was not until some three years ago, when the essay by Mr. Russell Sturgis, on "Thackeray as a draughtsman," was published in *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, that any distinct estimate of his powers as an artist appeared. Dr. John Brown is one of the few critics who have definitely spoken of Thackeray's writings on art, and he has said, "*It would not be easy to imagine better criticisms of art than those from Mr. Thackeray's hand. His art 'has its seat in reason,' and he is more objective, cool, and critical than Mr. Ruskin.*"

It is well known that Thackeray's feeling for art was precocious. At a very early age he drew and painted; the figures of William Wallace, and of Sir Aymer de Valence (from *The Scottish Chiefs*), drawn by him on the title-page of a Latin Grammar when he was a boy, have been copied into *The Cornhill Magazine*. After he attained distinction as an author, his old Charterhouse school-fellows remembered the caricatures and sketches that the "rather pretty timid boy" used to execute on the margins and fly-leaves of books. In the same way subsequently he illustrated his copies of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Rollin's Ancient History*, *Joseph Andrews*, *The Castle of Otranto*, and *Don Quixote*. Many of these illustrations are exceedingly humorous (well conveying the sense of the text they accompany), and show moreover a gift for facile drawing. The element of caricature predominates in Thackeray's early pictorial work, and it was in caricature that his ability as an artist was always shown. He not only drew a great deal professionally, but likewise for mere amusement and for the gratification of his friends. "If I had only," more than one of these exclaimed to the late Anthony Trollope, "kept the drawings from his pen, which used to be chucked about as though they were worth nothing!" Mr. Trollope goes on to speak of an album of drawings and letters, which in the course of twenty years, from 1829 to 1849, were despatched from Thackeray to his old friend Edward Fitzgerald. "Looking at the wit displayed in the drawings," he continues, "I feel inclined to say that had he persisted he would have been a second Hogarth. There is a series of *ballet* scenes, in which *Flore et Zephyr* are the two chief performers, which for expression and drollery exceed anything that I know of the kind." The suggestion of the possibility of the artist becoming another Hogarth had been made by Dr. John Brown, the Scottish humourist, years before Trollope wrote his biography of Thackeray, and Mr. Hayward in 1848 drew attention to Thackeray's Hogarthian talent. "Had he been apprenticed to Raimbach, the engraver," wrote the author of *Rab and his Friends*, "we might have had another and in some ways a subtler Hogarth," and he goes on to extol Thackeray's invention, his clever representation of character, and his pure love

of pictorial nonsense. In the Preface to a volume of her father's drawings, published under the title of *The Orphan of Pimlico*, his daughter states that "the hours which he spent upon his drawing-blocks and sketch-books brought no fatigue or weariness; they were of endless interest and amusement to him, and rested him when he was tired. It was only when he came to etch upon steel, or to draw for the engraver upon wood, that he complained of effort and want of ease; and we used often to wish that his drawings could be given as they were first made, without the various transmigrations of wood and steel, and engravers' toil and printers' ink." Thackeray drew some illustrations of Cambridge University Life, comprising "First Term" (a student hard at work), "Second Term" (the same student in the well of a sofa, the back of which is turned to the spectator, who can only see the cigar and boots of the lounge), the "Mathematical Lecturer," the "Classman," the "Plodder," the "Grinder," and "A Few University Favourites,"—the sketches being full of drollery.

After quitting the University of Cambridge, Thackeray became the possessor of a respectable fortune and passed some time on the continent with the intention of becoming an artist. He visited several continental cities, of which Weimar was one, but the greater part of his life as an art-student was spent in Paris. Referring to some personal memories of Goethe and of Weimar, he says, "My delight in those days was to make sketches and caricatures for children." Goethe, it seems, saw Thackeray's drawings and bestowed approval upon them, and the artist learned, when revisiting what he called "the friendly little Saxon capital," that his early works had not been forgotten. It has been asserted that Thackeray while resident in Paris made a practical study of the works of Bonington; but, however this may be, his studies seem to have been both dilatory and desultory, and of small value in making him a sound and thorough draughtsman. In his best designs, and in some of his most clever caricatures, this deficiency is apparent. When the novel of *Vanity Fair* was appearing in monthly parts, Mr. Hayward made it and other works of the author the subject of an essay in *The Edinburgh Review*, which included some particulars of Thackeray's personal history. "We well

remember, ten or twelve years ago," he writes, "finding him day after day engaged in copying pictures in the Louvre in order to qualify himself for his intended profession. It may be doubted, however, whether any degree of assiduity would have enabled him to excel in the money-making branches, for his talent was altogether of the Hogarth kind, and was principally remarkable in the pen and ink sketches of character and situation which he dashed off for the amusement of his friends. At the end of two or three years of desultory application, he gave up the notion of becoming a painter and took to literature." It must have been in his student-days as an artist that Thackeray made himself acquainted with the characteristics of French painting, and with the inner life of the Parisian *atelier*, subjects which in after years he very fully and graphically treated in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. Such a description as the following contains much that must have been derived from personal observation:—

"They say there are three thousand artists in this town alone: of these a handsome minority paint not merely tolerably, but well understand their business; draw the figure accurately; sketch with cleverness; and paint portraits, churches, or restaurateurs' shops, in a decent manner. To account for a superiority over England—which, I think, as regards art, is incontestable—it must be remembered that the painter's trade in France is a very good one; better appreciated, better understood, and, generally far better paid than with us. There are a dozen excellent schools in which a lad may enter here, and under the eye of a practised master, learn the apprenticeship of his art at an expense of about ten pounds a year. In England there is no school except the Academy, unless the student can afford to pay a very large sum, and place himself under the tuition of some particular artist. Here, a young man, for his ten pounds, has all sorts of accessory instruction, models, &c., and has further, and for nothing, numberless incitements to study his profession which are not to be found in England; the streets are filled with picture-shops, the people themselves are pictures walking about; the churches, theatres, eating-houses, concert-rooms, are covered with pictures; Nature itself is inclined more kindly to him, for the sky is a thousand times more bright and beautiful, and the sun shines for the greater part of the year. Add to this, incitements more selfish, but quite as powerful; a French artist is paid very handsomely; for five hundred a year is much where all are poor; and has a rank in society rather above his merits than below them, being caressed by hosts and hostesses in places where titles are laughed at, and a baron is thought of no more account than a banker's clerk. The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest existence possible. He comes to Paris, probably at

sixteen, from his province; his parents settle forty pounds a year on him, and pay his master: he establishes himself in the Pays Latin, or in the new quarter of Notre Dame de Lorette (which is quite peopled with painters); he arrives at his *atelier* at a tolerably early hour, and labours among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favourite tobacco-pipe; and the pictures are painted in the midst of a cloud of smoke, and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea who has not been present at such an assembly."

In consequence of following a life of mere pleasure, and through the failure of a newspaper speculation with which he had been associated, Thackeray soon found himself in impoverished circumstances. In Macready's Diary occurs this entry for 27th April, 1836: "At Garrick Club, where I dined, and saw the papers. Met Thackeray, who has spent all his fortune, and is now about to settle at Paris, as an artist." Only two months previously Thackeray's *Flore et Zephyr*, *Ballet Mythologique*, had been published by Mitchell, of Bond-street. It was a small folio, consisting of eight designs, slightly tinted, and drawn on the stone by Mr. Edward Morton, brother of the author of "Box and Cox." The pictures savour of the French school; they possess unmistakable artistic ability, and illustrate some amusing passages in the career of a *ballet* lady on the stage, and in the green-room. It was not in this work, however, that Thackeray took up his pencil professionally for the first time, for in 1833 he had been connected with a journal called *The National Standard*, to which he had contributed, besides some amusing literary matter, a series of humorous portraits, including those of Louis Philippe, Braham, Rothschild, Alfred Bunn, and Sir Peter Laurie.

On the 26th March, 1836, an announcement had appeared in *The Times* of the approaching publication of the first number of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, edited by Boz. An attractive feature of the work was to be its illustrations by a well-known caricaturist of the day, Robert Seymour, some of whose drawings appeared; but who, before the second number was published, committed suicide. This victim of *melancholia* shot himself at his residence in Park Place West, Islington, on the morning of Thursday, 20th April, 1836. The unfortunate artist was only in his thirty-ninth year. His place as the illustrator of

Pickwick was temporarily filled up by Mr. R. W. Buss, whose work, however, proved unsatisfactory, and it was then that Thackeray sought an interview with Dickens at his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with the object of furnishing the future illustrations for *Pickwick*. Thackeray referred to this interview in responding to the toast of "Literature," with which his name and that of Dickens were associated at the Royal Academy Banquet of 1858. In *The Times* of May 3, 1858, his words are thus given:—

"Had it not been for the direct act of my friend who has just sat down, I should most likely never have been included in the toast which you have been pleased to drink; and I should have tried to be, not a writer, but a painter, or designer of pictures. That was the object of my early ambition, and I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works of which I cannot mention the name, but which were coloured light green, and came out once a-month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings, and I recollect walking up to his chambers with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. But for that unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavoured one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances. This disappointment caused me to direct my attention to a different walk of art, and now I can only hope to be 'translated' on these walls, as I have been, thanks to my talented friend Mr. Egg."

Thackeray turned to literature as a means of getting his bread, but his pencil did not remain idle, and between 1836 and his death in 1863 he produced a greater number of drawings than many professional draughtsmen. It is true that Thackeray's merits as an artist are immeasurably inferior to his merits as a writer, but when it is considered that his sympathy with art was almost life-long, and that a great deal of his pictorial work bears the stamp of genius, surely it is not too much to say that his connexion with art deserves special mention. It is sometimes forgotten that he drew some really admirable small pieces, whether caricatures, initials, tail-pieces, or vignettes, and that he was one of the very few great authors who have accomplished the work of illustrating their own books. In addition to innumerable other drawings, he produced the designs on copper, steel, and wood for the *Paris Sketch-Book*, the *Comic Tales and Sketches*, the *Irish Sketch-Book*, *From Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, *Vanity Fair*, *Our Street*,

Pendennis, *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *The Virginians*, *Lovel the Widower*, *The Four Georges*, and the *Roundabout Papers*. During his connexion with *Punch* he produced more than two hundred drawings for that periodical. His talent for making impromptu sketches was remarkable, as may be seen in his private correspondence, in the margins and fly-leaves of library volumes, and in his note-books. The ogre drawn in one of his *Roundabout Papers* is a masterpiece of humour; and in the same series of essays there is a charming little picture, a view of the old town of Chur, in the Grisons, with a boy leaning on a bridge reading.

Thackeray's genius as an artist is best shown in caricature, and some of his rapidly made little pictures in this department of art are exceedingly able. They have a charm not possessed by his more ambitious pieces; just as a *bon mot* has greater charm about it than a set speech. In his more studied performances, as in the plates to Jerrold's *Men of Character*, and in the illustrations to *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Virginians* there is much that is slovenly and inartistic in the draughtmanship; yet, with all their imperfections, how well many of these designs explain the story and interpret its sentiment. Such characteristics are to be seen in designs like that representing the arrest of Rawdon Crawley in Gaunt Square, with Mogg's companion whistling to get the cabman's attention; or in a bit of comedy, such as that represented as taking place at the end of Great Coram-street, where the flunkey drives away the young crossing-sweeper who has asked little George Osborne for alms; or in the group at the singers' table in the back kitchen of the "Fielding's Head," when Pendennis meets Costigan after their separation of five years. Dr. John Brown gives a good description of one of the artist's most clever caricatures—that representing Mr. Adolphus Simcoe—the critic drawing attention to that wonderful young man as, "stretched out 'careless diffused,' seedy, hungry, and diabolical, in his fashionable cheap hat, his dirty white duck trousers strapped tightly down, as being the mode, and possibly to conceal his bare legs; a half-smoked,

probably unsmokably bad cigar, in his hand, which is lying over the arm of a tavern bench, from whence he is casting a greedy and ruffian eye upon some unseen fellows supping plenteously, and with cheer." "Mr. Adolphus Simcoe, when in a bad way from a love of literature and drink, completed his ruin by purchasing and conducting for six months that celebrated miscellany called *The Lady's Lute*, after which time, in the artist's words, "its chords were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them aside with such joy, went forth a wretched and heart-broken man." Even Mr. Russell Sturgis, whose essay on "Thackeray as a draughtsman," though able and discriminating, is marked by an undercurrent of depreciation, pays a compliment to the artist when he remarks that "In *Punch* for 1846, 'Jeames's Diary' is continued in serial form, with large illustrations and fanciful initial letters. The articles are so appropriately illustrated, the little pictures fit so pat, and the big ones are so expressive, that it is a wonder that the book has been reproduced so often without the clever designs."

Thackeray has not only written very suggestively about art in his novels, and particularly in *The Newcomes*, but in the earlier part of his career as a magazine writer and journalist he wrote a considerable amount of art criticism. For such work he was peculiarly qualified both by his artistic sympathies and by his practical knowledge of art; for every true critic of art must have the feeling, and certainly will be much the better for having the practical faculty, of an artist. Among Thackeray's essays on art and art-subjects may be enumerated his "Strictures on Pictures," "Lectures on the Fine Arts," "Men and Pictures," "May Gambols," "Picture Gossip," "The French School of Painting," "Letters on the Fine Arts," and "Caricatures and Lithography in Paris," the essays on Cruikshank and Leech, and notes on the English landscape-painters. In criticizing some of his artistic contemporaries, he was as nobly fearless as Hazlitt, and as zealous as Ruskin to promote a taste for everything pure and simple, honest, grand and beautiful in art. Sham art, gaudy or meretricious art, he hated and derided; while much of the spurious and sickly sentimental art of his time he

scorched with the fire of his sarcasm. He characterized one of the late Mr. Ward's pictures as belonging "to the Muggletonian school of art—monstrous, livid, dreadful as the dream of a man in the scarlet fever," and referring to a much belauded Academy picture he thus writes :—

"The artists say there is very fine painting in Sir David Wilkie's great 'Sir David Baird;' for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; in this is a great flashing of torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swaggering over him on a step, waving a sword for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of 'Lady Jane Grey' (which is worth exactly twopence-halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of 'Seringapatam.' Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his historical compositions; they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow-grease; the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half drawn, and almost always wrong."

In his notice of one of the Old Water-Colour Society Exhibitions he pays willing tribute to one of its famous members :—

"If you want to see *real* Nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted anything better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer barrel is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trumps. I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is, you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled) I would but cast my eyes upon these grand, good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect 'Before and After the Mutton Pie,' the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as 'Sancho;' blessed is he that hath his portfolio full of them."

Thackeray's criticism on pictures includes notices of Mulready's "Whistonian Controversy," Landseer's "Shoeing," Leslie's "Slender at Ford's House," Cope's "Charity," Severn's "Ariel," Turner's

"Rain, Wind, and Speed," Maclise's "Malvolio and Olivia" and "Macbeth;" and of the works of many eminent French artists, Delacroix, Delaroche, Ingres, Gros, Gericault, and Meissonier. These criticisms are throughout pervaded by a savour of the writer's fine instinct for art of the highest kind, and by traces of his sagacious, common-sense insight into the subjects which he treats.

In the number of *The Westminster Review* for June, 1840, appeared Thackeray's essay On the Genius of George Cruikshank, a reprint of which this note introduces. In all probability the acquaintance of Thackeray and Cruikshank began at a Club called the "Rationals," which used to assemble on Saturday afternoons, in the years 1837-1838, at the "Wrekin," in Broad Court, Drury Lane—a tavern in those days much frequented by authors, actors, journalists, and artists. There had met the "Catamarans," a social and literary society, which had among them men like Hook, Tom Sheridan, the elder Mathews, the younger Colman, "Monk" Lewis, Munden, and Captain Morris, the laureate of the Beef-Steak Club. There subsequently met the "Mulberries," comprising Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Kenny Meadows, Chatfield, the painter, Orrin Smith, the wood-engraver, Ogden, journalist and reader in Clowes's printing-office, Elton, the actor, McLan, the artist; and in the later days of the club, Tomlins, Bayliss, the Mayhews, Donald King, the vocalist, Henry Marston, George Hodder, and other professional men. In its early history the "Wrekin" had been famous for Shrewsbury cakes and Tewkesbury ale, and on the formation of the Club known as the "Rationals" it became as famous for its distinguished visitors and "wit combats." The Saturday afternoon dinner of the "Rationals" was at four o'clock, and frequently around the board assembled Thackeray, Cruikshank, Jerrold, Robert Keeley, Benjamin Webster, R. B. Peake, Paul Bedford, Wilson, the Scottish singer, Captain Addison, George Dance, Clarkson Stanfield, Mark Lemon, and Henry Mayhew. Stephen Price, the American theatrical manager, and Abbott and William Blanchard, the Covent Garden actors, were members when the Club was started. Sometimes on Saturday evenings, after the Club had broken up, Thackeray,

Jerrold, and Cruikshank would stroll into the shop (opposite the "Wrekin") of Tessa-man, a bookbinder, printseller, and second-hand bookseller, whose memory was stored with anecdotes of the stage, and whose mimetic powers were so amusing that the visitors would often request him to give them his imitation of old Kean in Richard III, or of Bradley and Blanchard in a broad-sword combat. Tessa-man was afterwards known as "Thackeray's bookbinder" (the novelist often giving him work), and years afterwards, when the eccentric tradesman used to recall the visits to his shop of the three distinguished men, he spoke of Jerrold as "Mustard," Thackeray as "Sugar," and Cruikshank as the "fierce-whiskered Pandour." Tessa-man a few years afterwards became the proprietor of a little shop in Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he died, taking leave of the world with the Shakespearean words:—

"Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave."

It was reported that Thackeray at one time contemplated making old Tessa-man the subject of a Roundabout Paper.

Stanfield's works were admiringly noticed by his old companion at the "Wrekin," the critic remarking:—

"All through this painter's life, his industry and his genius have been alike remarkable, and it is curious to note in his performances of the present time how the carefulness of the artist seems to increase with his skill, as if this conscientious man were bent each day upon improving, or elaborating and polishing his works, on approaching more nearly to nature. Does not such a progress tell of more than mere talent? Of honesty, of modesty, of faithful and cheerful labour, of constant love for truth. It seems to me that the pictures of some artists tell of these things, and that these are amongst the precious qualities which go to make a painter."

In 1843, Mr. Henry Vizetelly, then an accomplished engraver, and since well-known as a publisher, established a very superior illustrated paper, to which Thackeray for some months was attached as a writer. Among the artists engaged on the journal were John Gilbert, Kenny Meadows, W. J. Linton, Edward Duncan and Owen Jones; while the writers included Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Peter Cunningham, Robert Bell

and F. Knight Hunt. Thackeray was at this time writing for *Fraser's Magazine*, from the office of which periodical Mr. Vizetelly obtained the address of the future author of *Vanity Fair*. The conductor of the new paper had an interview with Thackeray, who was then lodging in a single top chamber of a house in Jermyn-street. He somewhat eagerly fell in with Mr. Vizetelly's proposal to write art criticisms at the rate of a guinea per column for the newspaper in question. Among Thackeray's contributions were a series of "Letters on the Fine Arts," which embraced the subjects of *Art Unions*, *Objections against Art Unions*, and *The Royal Academy of 1843*. They are written with characteristic humour and cleverness, and the style is of a very agreeable kind. "I think," says the critic, writing under the familiar *nom de plume* of Michael Angelo Titmarsh—

"Every succeeding year shows a progress in the English school of painters. They paint from the heart more than of old, and less from the old heroic, absurd, incomprehensible, unattainable rules. They look at Nature very hard, and watch her with the best of their eyes and ability. They do not aim at such great subjects as heretofore, or at subjects which the world is pleased to call great, viz., tales from Hume or Gibbon of royal personages under various circumstances of battle, murder, and sudden death. Lemprière, too, is justly neglected; and Milton has quite given place to Gil Blas and the Vicar of Wakefield. The heroic, and peace be with it! has been deposed; and our artists, in place, cultivate the pathetic and the familiar. . . . The younger painters are content to exercise their art on subjects far less exalted: a gentle sentiment, an agreeable, quiet incident, a tea-table tragedy, or a bread-and-butter idyl suffices for the most part their gentle powers. Nor surely ought one to quarrel at all with this prevalent mode. It is at least natural, which the heroic was not. Bread and butter can be digested by every man; whereas Prometheus on his rock, or Orestes in his strait-waistcoat, or Hector dragged behind Achilles' car, or 'Britannia, guarded by Religion and Neptune, welcoming General Tomkins in the Temple of Glory'—the ancient heroic, allegorical subjects—can be supposed deeply to interest very few of the inhabitants of this city or kingdom. We have wisely given up pretending that we were interested in such, and confess a partiality for more simple and homely themes."

Some of the pictures in the exhibition are happily described, and the descriptions frequently show the writer's fine taste and artistic insight.

"Mr. Stone's 'Last Appeal' is beautiful. It is evidently the finish of the history of the two young people who are to be seen in the Water-

Colour Exhibition. There the girl is smiling and pleased, and there is some hope still for the pale, earnest young man who loves her with all his might. But between the two pictures, between Pall Mall and the Trafalgar Column, sad changes have occurred. The young woman has met a great big life-guardsman probably, who has quite changed her views of things; and you see that the last appeal is made without any hope for the appellant. The girl hides away her pretty face, and we see that all is over. She likes the poor fellow well enough, but it is only as a brother; her heart is with the life-guardsman, who is strutting down the lane at this moment with his laced cap on one ear, cutting the buttercups' heads off with his rattan cane. The whole story is told, without, alas! the possibility of a mistake, and the young fellow in the grey stockings has nothing to do but to jump down the well, at the side of which he has been making his appeal."

Charles Landseer's "Monks of Rubrosi" is affirmed to be "not only good," but remarkable as having "the further good quality of being pleasant," and the writer adds—

"Some clever artists will do no harm in condescending so far to suit the general taste. . . . For instance, take Mr. Poole's picture of Solomon Eagle and the Plague of London. It is exceedingly clever; but who would buy such a piece? Figures writhe over the picture blue and livid with the plague—some are dying in agony, some stupid with pain. You see the dead-cart in the distance; and in the midst stands naked Solomon, with bloodshot eyes and wild maniacal looks, preaching death, woe, and judgment. Where should such a piece hang? It is too gloomy for a hospital, and surely not cheerful enough for a dining-room. It is not a religious picture that would serve to decorate the walls of a church. A very dismal gloomy conventicle might perhaps be a suitable abode for it; but would it not be better to tempt the public with something more good-humoured?" . . . "I must confess that Mr. Linnell's 'Supper at Emmaus' did not strike me as the least mystical or poetical, and that Mr. Etty's 'Entombment' was anything but holy and severe. Perhaps the most pious and charming head in the whole Exhibition is that of the Queen, by Mr. Leslie, in his Coronation picture: it has a delightful modesty, and a purity quite angelical."

There is the satirist's touch in this passage:—

"Round the Officers of State all the beefeaters and gentlemen-at-arms; and on these magnificent subjects our best painters are continually employed. Noble themes for the exercise of genius! brilliant proofs of enlightened public taste! The court-milliners must be proud to think that their works are thus immortalized, and the descendants of our tailors will look at these pieces with a justifiable family pride."

The Revolution of 1848 drove many French artists for refuge to England, and among these was M. Louis Marvy, an old friend

and ally of Thackeray, who had years before enjoyed pleasant hours in the French artist's *atelier*, which Marvy was obliged to exchange for a humble London parlour. A landscape-painter himself, Louis Marvy made a folio series of engravings after the best English landscape artists, but publishers looked coldly on the work till Thackeray undertook to write critical matter to accompany the plates, which task he performed in that friendly spirit so characteristic of the man. The work contains notices of Callcott, Turner, Holland, Danby, Creswick, Collins, Redgrave, Lee, Cattermole, Müller, Harding, Nasmyth, Wilson, Cooke, Constable, De Wint, Cox, Gainsborough, Roberts, and Stanfield. Of De Wint, Thackeray writes:—

“Our well-beloved De Wint has gone like one of those calm summer days he used to depict. He caught well the warm purplish blue of the summer sky. All artists generally choose morning or evening, as the long-sweeping shadows form at once easy pictures, but De Wint was not frightened by the sun in its meridian.”

Then comes this eloquent tribute to Danby:—

“The French artist has given a very successful imitation of the beautiful and poetical sepia drawing of Mr. Danby. We have scarcely ever seen a work by that great painter in which a similar poetical beauty was not conveyed, and in regarding which the spectator does not feel impressed by something of that solemn contemplation, and reverent worship of nature, which seems to pervade the artist's mind and pencil. His pictures are always still. You stand before them alone, and with a hushed admiration, as before a great landscape when it breaks on your view. He describes a scene of natural grandeur and beauty, of darkling forests tinged with the brightening dawn of woods, and calm waters gilded with sunset or fading into twilight; and, as in reading Wordsworth or the *Georgics*, the mind submits itself, awe-stricken and delighted, to the majestic repose and splendour of the poet's art, one may say of Mr. Danby that he paints morning and evening odes. His works are vast, polished, elaborate.”

The following is selected from one of the last art criticisms Thackeray wrote:—

“Better see Rubens anywhere than in a church. At the Academy, for example, where you may study him at your leisure. But at church?—I would as soon ask Alexandre Dumas for a sermon. Either would paint you a martyrdom very fiercely and picturesquely—writhing muscles, flaming coals, scowling captains and executioners, swarming groups, and light, shade, colour, most dextrously brilliant or dark; but in Rubens I am admiring the performer rather than the piece. With what astonishing rapidity he travels over his canvas; how tellingly the cool lights and warm shadows are made to contrast and relieve each other; how that

blazing, blowy penitent in yellow satin and glittering hair carries down the stream of light across the picture! This is the way to work, my boys, and earn a hundred florins a day. See! I am as sure of my line as a skater of making his figure of eight! and down with a sweep goes a brawny arm or a flowing curl of drapery. The figures arrange themselves as if by magic. The paint-pots are exhausted in furnishing brown shadows. The pupils look wondering on, as the master careers over the canvas. Isabel or Helena, wife No. 1 or No. 2, are sitting by, buxom, exuberant, ready to be painted; and the children are boxing in the corner, waiting till they are wanted to figure as cherubs in the picture. Grave burghers and gentlefolks come in on a visit. There are oysters and Rhenish always ready on yonder table. Was there ever such a pointer?"

Then the art critic turns to a painter less known than the magnificent Peter Paul Rubens, and writes in his most tender and touching vein:—

"And Hans Hemmelinck at Bruges? Have you never seen that dear old hospital of St. John, on passing the gate of which you enter into the fifteenth century? I see the wounded soldier still lingering in the house, and tended by the kind gray sisters. His little panel on its easel is placed at the light. He covers his board with the most wondrous, beautiful little figures, in robes as bright as rubies and amethysts. I think he must have a magic glass, in which he catches the reflection of little cherubs with many-coloured wings, very little and bright. Angels, in long crisp robes of white, surrounded with haloes of gold, come and flutter across the mirror, and he draws them."

Thackeray retained his love and appreciation of art till his latest day, and both in America and the mother-country his opinion on art matters was accepted as authoritative. An anecdote in illustration of this has, after thirty years, travelled home from America, which does credit to the heart as well as the head of the critic:—

"When Thackeray was in this city (Washington), we visited," says Charles Sumner, "among the earlier places, the capitol rotunda. Thackeray was an artist by birthright, and his judgment was beyond chance or question. He took a quiet turn around the rotunda, and in a few words gave each picture its perfectly correct rank and art valuation. 'Trumbull is your painter,' he said; 'never neglect Trumbull.' Other places of interest were then seen, after which we started homeward. He had not yet been at my house, and my chief anxiety was to coach him safely past

that Jackson statue. The conversation hung persistently upon art matters, which made it certain that I was to have trouble when we should come in view of that particular excrescence. We turned the dreadful corner at last, when, to my astonishment, Mr. Thackeray held straight past the hideous figure, moving his head neither to the right nor left, and chatting as airily as though we were strolling through an English park. Now I know that the instant we came in sight of poor Jackson's caricature he saw it, realized its accumulated terrors at a glance, and in the charity of his great heart took all pains to avoid having a word said about it. Ah, but he was a man of rare consideration."

Perhaps the most admirable of all the art notices written by Thackeray, are those on Leech and Cruikshank. In reading them, one is not only reminded of the friendly genial nature of Thackeray, but of that tribute paid him by a critic, that the slightest as well as the greatest of his works have upon them the distinctive seal of his superiority, and that if he had undertaken to write an advertisement, it would have been as neat as one of his ballads.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

- ART. 1.—*The Humorist*. A Collection of Entertaining Tales, Anecdotes, Epigrams, Bon Mots, &c. J. Robins and Co. London, 1819.
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 5. *Doll Tear Sheet, alias the Countess "Je ne me rappelle pas"*—a match for "*Non mi ricordo*." With Cuts by George Cruikshank. John Fairburn. 1820.
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12. *Points of Humour (Pieces partly Original and partly Selected)*. Illustrated by a Series of Plates Drawn and Engraved by George Cruikshank. Parts 1 and 2. C. Baldwyn. London, 1824.
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43. *Sketches by Boz.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 8vo. Chapman and Hall. London, 1839.
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45. *The Tower of London ; an Historical Romance.* By W. H. Ainsworth. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by G. Cruikshank. Parts I to V. Richard Bentley. London. 8vo. 1840.

ACCUSATIONS of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world, and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water—fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow—a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and, as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety. In the midst of such a combat as this, the “ingenuous arts, which prevent the ferocity of the manners, and act upon them as an emollient” (as the philosophic bard remarks in the Latin Grammar) are likely to be jostled to death, and then forgotten. The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it—no two gods must we serve; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless gloomy croaking drowns the voice of all more cheerful companions. Happy he whose fortune has placed him where there is calm and plenty, and who has the wisdom not to give up his quiet in quest of visionary gain.

Here is, no doubt, the reason why a man, after the period of his boyhood, or first youth, makes so few friends. Want and ambition (new acquaintances which are introduced to him along with his beard) thrust away all other society from him. Some old friends remain, it is true, but these are become as a habit—a part of your selfishness—and, for new ones, they are selfish as you are; neither member of the new partnership has the capital of affection and kindly feeling, or can even afford the time that is requisite for the establishment of the new firm. Damp and chill the shades of the prison-house begin to close round us, and that “vision splendid” which has accompanied our steps in our journey daily farther from the east, fades away and dies into the light of common day.

And what a common day! what a foggy, dull, shivering apology for light is this kind of muddy twilight through which we are about to tramp and flounder for the rest of our existence, wan-

dering farther and farther from the beauty and freshness and from the kindly gushing springs of clear gladness that made all around us green in our youth! One wanders and gropes in a slough of stock-jobbing, one sinks or rises in a storm of politics, and in either case it is as good to fall as to rise—to mount a bubble on the crest of the wave, as to sink a stone to the bottom.

The reader who has seen the name affixed to the head of this article did scarcely expect to be entertained with a declamation upon ingratitude, youth, and the vanity of human pursuits, which may seem at first sight to have little to do with the subject in hand. But (although we reserve the privilege of discoursing upon whatever subject shall suit us, and by no means admit the public has any right to ask in our sentences for any meaning, or any connexion whatever) it happens that, in this particular instance, there is an undoubted connexion. In Susan's case, as recorded by Wordsworth, what connexion had the corner of Wood Street with a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, and a nest by the Dove? Why should the song of a thrush cause bright volumes of vapour to glide through Lothbury, and a river to flow on through the vale of Cheapside? As she stood at that corner of Wood Street, a mop and a pail in her hand most likely, she heard the bird singing, and straightway began pining and yearning for the days of her youth, forgetting the proper business of the pail and mop. Even so we are moved by the sight of some of Mr. Cruikshank's works—the "*busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert*," the "*schwankende gestalten*" of youth flit before one again,—Cruikshank's thrush begins to pipe and carol, as in the days of boyhood; hence misty moralities, reflections, and sad and pleasant remembrances arise. He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his 'Breaking-up,' or his 'Fashionable Monstrosities' of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print,—one of the admirable 'Illustrations of Phrenology'—which entire work was purchased by a joint-stock company of boys, each drawing lots afterwards for the separate prints, and taking his choice in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honour of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon "*Philoprogenitiveness*"—a marvellous print, (our copy is not at all improved by being coloured, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed,—full of ingenuity and fine jovial humour. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the Kermes of Rubens.

No less than seven little men and women in night-caps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally developed—the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind; the second daughter, who is watching them; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair; the eldest son, who is yawning; the eldest daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton chops a savory dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat night-cap and pinafore, who has just had his finger in the pudding); the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humoured washerwoman, their mother,—all, all save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size. Not handsome certainly are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a huge bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart; every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy and jovial, and affectionate, and innocent as possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them, and you always find something kind in the midst of his humour, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty. The smiling mother reconciles one with all the hideous family: they have all something of the mother in them—something kind, and generous, and tender.

Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill; Hone's, in Fleet Street—bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites,—where are they? Fairburn's shop knows him no more; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe—Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the "Dandy of sixty," who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows—where are they? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things, since the days when these were; but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them! to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley! in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and there make one at his charming "gratis" exhibition. There used to be a crowd round the window in those days of grinning,

good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of the company, and who received the points of humour with a general sympathizing roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at H. B.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for that—polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet, gentleman-like kind of way.

There must be no smiling with Cruikshank. A man who does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the old Dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank's designs, which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them. As Diggory says in the play, who is bidden by his master not to laugh while waiting at table—"Don't tell the story of Grouse in the Gun-room, master, or I can't help laughing." Repeat that history ever so often, and at the proper moment, honest Diggory is sure to explode. Every man, no doubt, who loves Cruikshank has his Grouse in the Gun-room. There is a fellow in the 'Points of Humour' who is offering to eat up a certain little general, that has made us happy any time these sixteen years; his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. It is not the artist who fails, but the men who grow cold—the men, from whom the illusions (why illusions? realities) of youth disappear one by one; who have no leisure to be happy, no blessed holidays, but only fresh cares at Midsummer and Christmas, being the inevitable seasons which bring us bills instead of pleasures. Tom, who comes bounding home from school, has the doctor's account in his trunk, and his father goes to sleep at the pantomime to which he takes him. *Pater infelix*, you too have laughed at clown, and the magic wand of spangled harlequin; what delightful enchantment did it wave around you, in the golden days "when George the Third was king!" But our clown lies in his grave; and our harlequin, Ellar, prince of how many enchanted islands, was he not at Bow Street the other day, at Bow Street, in his dirty, tattered, faded motley—seized as a law-breaker, for acting at a penny theatre, after having

well-nigh starved in the streets, where nobody would listen to his old guitar? No one gave a shilling to bless him; not one of us who owe him so much.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank will be very well pleased at finding his name in such company as that of Clown and Harlequin; but he, like them, is certainly the children's friend. His drawings abound in feeling for these little ones, and hideous, as in the course of his duty, he is from time to time compelled to design them, he never sketches one without a certain pity for it, and imparting to the figure a certain grotesque grace. In happy school-boys he revels; plumb-pudding and holidays his needle has engraved over and over again;—there is a design in one of the comic almanacs of some young gentlemen who are employed in administering to a schoolfellow the correction of the pump, which is as graceful and elegant as a drawing of Stothard. Dull books about children George Cruikshank makes bright with illustrations—there is one published by the ingenious and opulent Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside, from which we should have been charmed to steal a few wood-cuts. It is entitled 'Mirth and Morality,' the mirth being, for the most part, on the side of the designer—the morality, unexceptionable certainly, the author's capital. Here are then, to these moralities, a smiling train of mirths supplied by George Cruikshank—see yonder little fellows butterfly-hunting across a common! Such a light, brisk, airy, gentleman-like drawing was never made upon such a theme. Who, cries the author—

" Who has not chased the butterfly,
And crushed its slender legs and wings,
And heaved a moralizing sigh;
Alas! how frail are human things?"

A very unexceptionable morality truly; but it would have puzzled another than George Cruikshank to make mirth out of it as he has done. Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he makes us three darling little men on a green common, backed by old farm-houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that is fluttering above him,—he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this, what a privilege—to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women, and

children half-inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet curious and happy in our turn. Now, who would imagine that an artist could make anything of such a subject as this? The writer begins by stating,—

“I love to go back to the days of my youth,
And to reckon my joys to the letter,
And to count o’er the friends that I have in the world,
Ay, and those who are gone to a better.”

This brings him to the consideration of his uncle. “Of all the men I have ever known,” says he, “my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man when I was a boy, he was yet one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed. *** He embarked for America, and nearly twenty years passed by before he came back again; ** but oh, how altered!—he was in every sense of the word an old man, his body and mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavouring to recall to his memory the scenes we had shared together, and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lustreless eye while he has amused himself in clapping his hands, and singing with a quavering voice a verse of a psalm.” Alas! such are the consequences of long residences in America, and of old age even in uncles! Well, the point of this morality is, that the uncle one day in the morning of life vowed that he would catch his two nephews and tie them together, ay, and actually did so, for all the efforts the rogues made to run away from him; but he was so fatigued that he declared he never would make the attempt again, whereupon the nephew remarks,—“Often since then, when engaged in enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle.”

Does it not seem impossible to make a picture out of this? And yet George Cruikshank has produced a charming design, in which the uncle and nephews are so prettily portrayed that one is reconciled to their existence, with all their moralities. Many more of the mirths in this little book are excellent, especially a great figure of a parson entering church on horseback—an enormous parson truly, calm, unconscious, unwieldy. As Zeuxis had a bevy of virgins in order to make his famous picture—his express virgin, a clerical host must have passed under Cruikshank’s eyes before he sketched this little, enormous parson of parsons.

Being on the subject of children’s books, how shall we enough

praise the delightful German nursery-tales, and Cruikshank's illustrations of them? We coupled his name with pantomime awhile since, and sure never pantomimes were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upwards and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him; may 'Jack the Giant Killer,' may 'Tom Thumb,' may 'Puss in Boots,' be one day revived by his pencil. Is not Whittington sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney nook? A man who has a true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them.

It is folly to say that this or that kind of humour is too good for the public, that only a chosen few can relish it. The best humour that we know of has been as eagerly received by the public as by the most delicate connoisseur. There is hardly a man in England who can read but will laugh at Falstaff and the humour of Joseph Andrews; and honest Mr. Pickwick's story can be felt and loved by any person above the age of six. Some may have a keener enjoyment of it than others, but all the world can be merry over it, and is always ready to welcome it. The best criterion of good humour is success, and what a share of this has Mr. Cruikshank had! how many millions of mortals has he made happy! We have heard very profound persons talk philosophically of the marvellous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself), supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living amongst the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy, that he laughs at what they laugh at, that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment, with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great, and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humorist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favour, where a man of three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gillray would have been far more successful and more powerful but for that unhappy bribe,

which turned the whole course of his humour into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserved censure. When he levelled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank would not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

To be sure we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these odd drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an honest, hearty hatred, the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the energy with which he flings his wood-blocks at all who side against her. Canning, Castlereagh, Bexley, Sidmouth, he is at them, one and all; and as for the Prince, up to what a whipping-post of ridicule did he tie that unfortunate old man! And do not let squeamish Tories cry out about disloyalty; if the crown does wrong, the crown must be corrected by the nation, out of respect, of course, for the crown. In those days, and by those people who so bitterly attacked the son, no word was ever breathed against the father, simply because he was a good husband, and a sober, thrifty, pious, orderly man.

This attack upon the Prince Regent we believe to have been Mr. Cruikshank's only effort as a party politician. Some early manifestoes against Napoleon we find, it is true, done in the regular John Bull style, with the Gillray model for the little upstart Corsican; but as soon as the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune our artist's heart relented (as Béranger's did on the other side of the water), and many of our readers will doubtless recollect a fine drawing of 'Louis XVI trying on Napoleon's boots,' which did not certainly fit the gouty son of Saint Louis. Such satirical hits as these, however, must not be considered as political, or as anything more than the expression of the artist's national British idea of Frenchmen.

It must be confessed that for that great nation Mr. Cruikshank entertains a considerable contempt. Let the reader examine the 'Life in Paris,' or the five hundred designs

in which Frenchmen are introduced, and he will find them almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pigtailed, outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and moustachios. He has the British idea of a Frenchman; and if he does not believe that the inhabitants of France are for the most part dancing-masters and barbers, yet takes care to depict such in preference, and would not speak too well of them. It is curious how these traditions endure. In France, at the present moment, the Englishman on the stage is the caricatured Englishman at the time of the war, with a shock red head, a long white coat, and invariable gaiters. Those who wish to study this subject should peruse Monsieur Paul de Kock's histories of Lord *Boulingrog* and Lady *Crockmilove*. On the other hand the old *émigré* has taken his station amongst us, and we doubt if a good British Gallery would understand that such and such a character *was* a Frenchman unless he appeared in the ancient traditional costume.

A curious book called 'Life in Paris,' published in 1822, contains a number of the artist's plates in the aquatint style; and though we believe he had never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. We had thoughts of giving a few copies of French heads from this book and others, which would amply show Mr. Cruikshank's anti-Gallican spirit. A villanous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton, are made to show the true British superiority on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer's genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but, being coloured, have a pleasant, lively look. The same style was adopted in the once famous book called 'Tom and Jerry, or Life in London,' which must have a word of notice here, for, although by no means Mr. Cruikshank's best work, his reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen.

As for Tom and Jerry, to show the mutability of human affairs and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum, and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and 'Life in London,' alas, is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the

work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboy's delight; and in the days when the work appeared we firmly believed the three heroes above-named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable, young fellows the town afforded, and thought their occupations and amusements were those of all high-bred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at Almack's or flirting in the saloon at the theatre; at the night-houses after the play; at Tom Cribb's, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion; at Bob Logic's chambers, where if we mistake not, "Corinthian Kate" was at a cabinet piano, singing a song; ambling gallantly in Rotten Row; or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging; all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London.

As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear; it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin, but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic, were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is some goodness in this pity, which authors and the public are disposed to show towards certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones? only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname, Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way.

Soon after the 'Tom and Jerry' and the 'Life in Paris,' Mr. Cruikshank produced a much more elaborate set of prints, in a work which was called 'Points of Humour.' These 'Points' were selected from various comic works, and did not, we believe, extend beyond a couple of numbers, containing about a score of copper-plates. The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very

best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius, and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed; and, for our parts, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called 'The Point of Honour,' illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You see but the back of most of these gentlemen, into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came; fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who, returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls to upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandises, that jolly miller! rasher after rasher, how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth. Poor wife! how she pines and frets at that untimely hour of midnight to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite. And yonder in the clock, what agonized face is that we see? By heavens, it is the squire of the parish. What business has he there? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say, that he has, in the hurry of the moment, left upstairs his br—; his—psa! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of bank-notes in the pockets. Look in the next page, and you will see the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually causing this garment to be carried through the village and cried

by the town-crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralized miller never offered to return the bank-notes, although he was so mighty scrupulous in endeavouring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

Passing from this painful subject, we come, we regret to state, to a series of prints representing personages not a whit more moral. Burns's famous 'Jolly Beggars' have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank. There is the lovely "hempen widow," quite as interesting and romantic as the famous Mrs. Sheppard, who has at the lamented demise of her husband adopted the very same consolation.

"My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman;

And now a widow, I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman."

Sweet "raucle carlin," she has none of the sentimentality of the English highwayman's lady; but being wooed by a tinker and

"A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle,"

prefers the practical to the merely musical man. The tinker sings with a noble candour, worthy of a fellow of his strength of body and station in life—

"My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the caudron."

It was his ruling passion. What was military glory to him, forsooth? He had the greatest contempt for it, and loved freedom and his copper kettle a thousand times better—a kind of hardware Diogenes. Of fiddling he has no better opinion. The picture represents the "sturdy caird," taking "poor gut-scraper" by the beard,—drawing his "roosty rapier," and swearing to "speet him like a pliver" unless he would relinquish the bonnie lassie for ever—

“Wi’ ghastry ee, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An’ pray’d for grace wi’ ruefu’ face,
 An’ so the quarrel ended—”

Hark how the tinker apostrophises the violinist, stating to the widow at the same time the advantages which she might expect from an alliance with himself:—

“Despise that shrimp, that wither’d imp,
 Wi’ a’ his noise and caperin;
 And take a share with those that bear
 The budget an’ the apron!

And by that stowp, my faith an’ houpe,
 An’ by that dear Kilbaigie!
 If e’er ye want, or meet wi’ scant,
 May I ne’er weet my craigie.”

Cruikshank’s caird is a noble creature; his face and figure show him to be fully capable of doing and saying all that is above written of him.

In the second part, the old tale of ‘The Three Hunchbacked Fiddlers’ is illustrated with equal felicity. The famous classical dinners and duel in ‘Peregrine Pickle’ are also excellent in their way; and the connoisseur of prints and etchings may see in the latter plate, and in another in this volume, how great the artist’s mechanical skill is as an etcher. The distant view of the city in the duel, and of a market-place in ‘The Quack Doctor,’ are delightful specimens of the artist’s skill in depicting buildings and backgrounds. They are touched with a grace, truth and dexterity of workmanship that leave nothing to desire. We have before mentioned the man with the mouth which appears in this number, and should be glad to give a little vignette emblematical of gout and indigestion, in which the artist has shown all the fancy of Callot. Little demons, with long saws for noses, are making dreadful incisions into the toes of the unhappy sufferer; some are bringing pans of hot coals to keep the wounded member warm; a huge, solemn nightmare sits on the invalid’s chest, staring solemnly into his eyes; a monster, with a pair of drumsticks, is banging a devil’s tattoo on his forehead; and a pair of imps are nailing great tenpenny nails into his hands to make his happiness complete.

But though not able to seize upon all we wish, we have been able to provide a tolerably large Cruikshank gallery for the reader’s amusement, and must hasten to show off our wares.

Like the worthy who figures below, there is such a choice of pleasures here, that we are puzzled with which to begin.



The Cruikshank collector will recognize this old friend as coming from the late Mr. Clark's excellent work, "Three Courses and a Dessert." The work was published at a time when the rage for comic stories was not so great as it since has been, and Messrs. Clark and Cruikshank only sold their hundreds where Messrs. Dickens and Phiz dispose of their thousands. But if our recommendation can in any way influence the reader, we would enjoin him to have a copy of the "Three Courses" that contain some of the best designs of our artist, and some of the most amusing tales in our language. The invention of the pictures, for which Mr. Clark takes credit to himself, says a great deal for his wit and fancy. Can we, for instance, praise too highly the man who invented this wonderful oyster?



Examine him well; his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way; cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, cool, translucent wave again.

In writing upon such subjects as these with which we have been furnished, it can hardly be expected that we should follow any fixed plan and order—we must therefore take such advantage as we may, and seize upon our subject when and wherever we can lay hold of him.



For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys, beadles, policemen, tall Life Guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists, and wonderfully long ringlets, Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amazing gusto; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and the immortal Fagin of "Oliver Twist." Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things? Why should a beadle be comic, and his opposite a charity boy? Why should a tall Life Guardsman have something in him essentially absurd? Why are short

breeches more ridiculous than long? What is there particularly jocose about a pump, and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter? These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr. Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them, and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fan-tail hats of his dustmen, without respectful wonder.

We can submit to public notice a complete little gallery of dustmen. Here is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who, having in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade, laid hands upon property not strictly his own, is pursued, we presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him.



What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust—it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabours yonder poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted, how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to contribute to the effect of the whole. What a deal of thought and humour has the artist expended on this little block of wood; a large picture

might have been painted out of the very same materials, which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two inches long. From the practical dustmen we pass to those purely poetical. Here are three of them who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel.



Is there no one to write a sonnet to these?—and yet a whole poem was written about Peter Bell the Waggoner, a character by no means so poetic.

And lastly, we have the dustman in love, the honest fellow is on the spectators' right hand, and having seen a young beauty stepping out of a gin-shop on a Sunday morning, is pressing eagerly his suit.



Gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labours in his own sound and hearty way to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the "Sketch-Book" is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design; it is called the "Gin Juggernaut," and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still at the roof and vast gin-barrels for wheels, under which unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which the gin monster has passed, dimly looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, &c. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body-crusher; and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan's, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.

The reader will examine the work called "My Sketch-Book" with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank. What points strike his eye, as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred; quack dandies who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible—their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat-tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may be *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen: in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares. Look at this fellow from the Sunday in London.*

* The following lines—ever fresh—by the author of "Headlong Hall," published years ago in *The Globe and Traveller*, are an excellent comment on several of the cuts from the "Sunday in London."

I.	II.
The poor man's sins are glaring;	The rich man's sins are hidden,
In the face of ghostly warning	In the pomp of wealth and station,
He is caught in the fact	And escape the sight
Of an overt act,	Of the children of light,
Buying greens on Sunday morning.	Who are wise in their generation.



Monsieur the Chef is instructing a kitchen-maid how to compound some rascally French kickshaw or the other—a pretty scoundrel truly! with what an air he wears that nightcap of his, and shrugs his lank shoulders, and chatters, and ogles, and grins: they are all the same, these mounseers; look at those other two fellows—*morbleu!* one is putting his dirty fingers into the saucepan; there are frogs cooking in it, no doubt; and see, just over some other dish of abomination, another dirty rascal is taking snuff! Never mind, the sauce won't be hurt by a few ingredients more or less. Three such fellows as these are not worth one Englishman, that's clear. See, there is one in the very midst of them, the great burly fellow with the beef, he could beat all three in five minutes. We cannot be certain that such was the process going on in Mr. Cruikshank's mind when he made the design; but some feelings of the sort were no doubt entertained by him.

III.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

IV.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

V.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer [him.
Where the saint can't choose but spy

VI.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

Against dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, "What is Taxes, Thomas?" What is taxes indeed; well may that vast, over-fed, lounging flunky ask the question of his associate Thomas, and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, *I don't know*. "O beati *plushicola*," what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the "Sketch-Book" many footmen make their appearance: one is a huge fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow, a porter likewise, but out of livery, who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labours are to walk from his sentry-box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. See, here is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves

"MISERABLE SINNERS!"



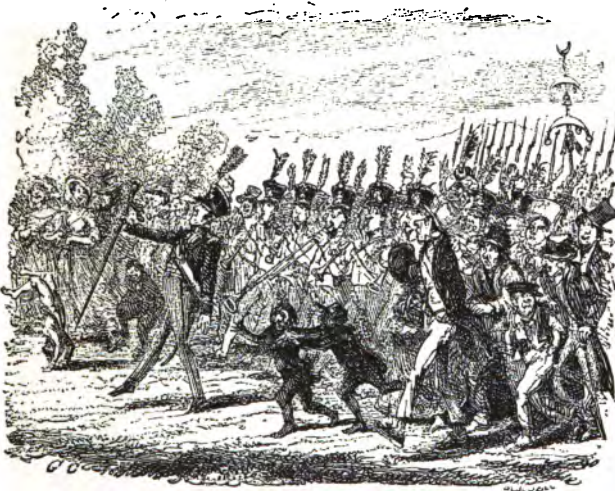
Miserable sinners indeed! O what floods of turtle soup; what tons of turbot and lobster-sauce must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable. My lady there with the ermine tippet and draggling feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India Director? She has been to the Opera over-night (indeed her

husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew-door, is at this minute thinking of Mademoiselle Léocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes)—she has been at the Opera over-night, which with a trifle of supper afterwards—a white-and-brown soup, a lobster-salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne—sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with, perhaps, a half hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch-time pretty well. What an odour of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew!—how it is wadded, and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails! what hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel! what a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer-books; and what a pious whirring of Bible-leaves one hears all over the church, as the doctor blandly gives out the text! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year: and many persons are there so enamoured of grief and sin, that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and sceptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain*.



Our artist loves to joke at a soldier; in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder-knot. Tall life-guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here again we have the honest popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension

of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. "Raw Recruit," "ditto dressed," ditto "served up," as we see them in the "Sketch-Book," are so many satires upon the army: Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or that last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches, do not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at to be sure, but then it is because he is a bad soldier; when he comes to have a huge pair of moustachios and the *croix-d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrisée*, Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe—we hold that democratic weapon the fist in much more honour than the sabre and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipe-clay. Look at this regiment of heroes "marching to divine service," to the tune of the "British Grenadiers."



There they march in state, and a pretty contempt our artist shows for all their gimcracks and trumpery. He has drawn a perfectly English scene—the little blackguard boys are playing pranks round about the men, and shouting "heads up, soldier," "eyes right, lobster," as little British urchins will do. Did one ever hear the like sentiments expressed in France? Shade of Napoleon, we insult you by asking the question. In

England, however, see how different the case is : and designedly or undesignedly, the artist has opened to us a piece of his mind. Look in the crowd—the only person who admires the soldiers is the poor idiot, whose pocket a rogue is picking. Here is another picture, in which the sentiment is much the same, only, as in the former drawing we see Englishmen laughing at the troops of the line, here are Irishmen giggling at the militia.



We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island. Would any one doubt what was the country of the merry fellows depicted in the following group ?



“Place me amid O’Rourkes, O’Tooles,
The ragged, royal race of Tara ;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The pathless wilds of Connemara.”

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has

obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than the following scene, or could Father Mathew have a better text to preach upon ?



There is not a broken nose in the room that is not thoroughly Irish. Here we have a couple of compositions treated in a graver manner, as characteristic too as the other.





And with one more little Hibernian specimen we must bid farewell to Ireland altogether, having many other pictures in our gallery that deserve particular notice ; and we give this, not so much for the comical look of poor Teague, who has been pursued and beaten by the witch's stick, but in order to point the singular neatness of the workmanship, and the pretty, fanciful little glimpse of landscape that the artist has introduced in the back-ground.



Mr. Cruikshank has a fine eye for such homely landscapes, and renders them with great delicacy and taste. Old villages, farm-yards, groups of stacks, queer chimneys, churches, gable-

ended cottages, Elizabethan mansion-houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm.

Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's "John Gilpin" and "Epping Hunt;" for though our artist does not draw horses very scientifically,—to use a phrase of the *atelier*,—he *feels* them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better. Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master. Here is a notable instance.



Trees or horse flesh, which is the worst? *οἷηπερ φυλλων γενεη τοιγδε και ἱππων*; it is impossible to say which is the most villanous.

But what then? Suppose yonder horned animal near the post-chaise has not a very bovine look, it matters not the least. Can a man be supposed to imitate everything? We know what the noblest study of mankind is, and to this Mr. Cruikshank has confined himself. Look at that postilion; the people in the

broken-down chaise are roaring after him : he is as deaf as the post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear that the man was stone-deaf, beyond the reach of trumpet? What is the peculiar character in a deaf man's physiognomy?—can any person define it satisfactorily in words?—not in pages, and Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb-nail. The horses of John Gilpin are much more of the equestrian order, and as here the artist has only his favourite suburban buildings to draw, not a word is to be said against his design. The inn and old buildings in this cut are charmingly designed, and nothing can be more prettily or playfully touched.

“ At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond’ring much
To see how he did ride.

“ ‘ Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here’s the house !’
They all at once did cry ;
‘ The dinner waits, and we are tired—’
Said Gilpin—‘ So am I ;’



" Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry :—

" ' Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !'
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join the pursuit.

" And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race."



The rush, and shouting, and clatter are here excellently depicted by the artist: and we, who have been scoffing at his manner of designing animals, must here make a special exception in favour of the hens and chickens; each has a different action, and is curiously natural.

Happy are children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them! It is a comfort to think that woodcuts never wear out, and that the book still may be had at Mr. Tilt's for a shilling, for those who can command that sum of money.

In the "Epping Hunt," which we owe to the facetious pen of Mr. Hood, our artist has not been so successful. There is here too much horsemanship and not enough incident for him; but the portrait of Roundings the huntsman is an excellent sketch, and

a couple of the designs contain great humour. The first represents the Cockney hero, who, "like a bird, was singing out while sitting on a tree."



And in the second the natural order is reversed. The stag having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is most ignominiously running away.



The Easter Hunt, we are told, is no more ; and as the *Quarterly Review* recommends the British public to purchase Mr. Catlin's pictures, as they form the only record of an interesting race now rapidly passing away, in like manner we should exhort all our friends to purchase Mr. Cruikshank's designs of *another* interesting race, that is run already and for the last time.

Besides these, we must mention, in the line of our duty, the notable tragedies of 'Tom Thumb' and 'Bombastes Furioso,' both of which have appeared with many illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank. The 'brave army' of Bombastes exhibits a terrific display of brutal force, which must shock the sensibilities of an English radical. And we can well understand the caution of the general, who bids this *soldatesque effrénée* to begone, and not to kick up such a row.



Such a troop of lawless ruffians let loose upon a populous city would play sad havoc in it ; and we fancy the massacres of Birmingham renewed, or at least of Badajoz, which, though not quite so dreadful, if we may believe his Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the former scenes of slaughter, were nevertheless severe enough ; but we must not venture upon any ill-timed pleasantries in presence of the disturbed King Arthur, and the awful ghost of Gaffer Thumb.



We are thus carried at once into the supernatural, and here we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl,' with Cruikshank's designs translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. The 'Kinder und Haus Maerchen' of Grimm are likewise ornamented with a frontispiece, copied from that one which appeared to the amusing version of the English work. The books on Phrenology and Time have been imitated by the same nation; and even in France, whither reputation travels slower than to any country except China, we have seen copies of the works of George Cruikshank.

He in return has complimented the French by illustrating a couple of Lives of Napoleon, and the 'Life in Paris' before mentioned. He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's 'Bug Jargal,' published here in a single volume, under the title of 'Hans of Iceland.' Strange, wild etchings were those, on a strange, mad subject; not so good in our notion as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humour of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention; the German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader no doubt, remembers the awful passage in 'Peter Schlemihl,' where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero—"Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try

this bag." "He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to which a couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted out ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. Done, said I, it is a bargain; you shall have my shadow for your bag. The bargain was concluded; he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rose-bushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done."

This marvellous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful, circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious, and like truth. The sun is shining with the utmost brilliancy in a great quiet park or garden; there is a palace in the background, and a statue basking in the sun quite lonely and melancholy; there is a sun-dial, on which is a deep shadow, and in the front stands Peter Schlemihl, bag in hand, the old gentleman is down on his knees to him, and has just lifted off the ground the *shadow of one leg*; he is going to fold it back neatly, as one does the tails of a coat, and will stow it, without any creases or crumples, along with the other black garments that lie in that immense pocket of his. Cruikshank has designed all this as if he had a very serious belief in the story; he laughs, to be sure, but one fancies that he is a little frightened in his heart, in spite of all his fun and joking.

The German tales we have mentioned before. 'The Prince riding on the Fox,' 'Hans in Luck,' 'The Fiddler and his Goose,' 'Heads off,' are all drawings which, albeit not before us now, nor seen for ten years, remain indelibly fixed on the memory—"heisst du etwa Rumpelstilzchen?" There sits the queen on her throne, surrounded by grinning beef-eaters, and little Rumpelstiltskin stamps his foot through the floor in the excess of his tremendous despair. In one of these German tales, if we remember rightly, there is an account of a little orphan who is carried away by a pitying fairy for a term of seven years, and passing that period of sweet apprenticeship among the imps and sprites of fairy-land. Has our artist been among the same company, and brought back their portraits in his sketch-book? He is the only designer fairy-land has had. Callot's imps, for

all their strangeness, are only of the earth earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has had a true insight into the character of the "little people." They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or else a natural mysterious instinct (as the Seherinn of Prevorst had for beholding ghosts), or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania.

We have, unfortunately, no fairy portraits in the gallery which we have been enabled to provide for the public; but on the other hand, can descend lower than fairy-land, and have procured some fine specimens of devils. One has already been raised, and the reader has seen him tempting a fat Dutch burgomaster, in ancient gloomy market-place, such as George Cruikshank can draw as well as Mr. Prout, Mr. Nash, or any man living. Here is our friend once more; our friend the Burgomaster, in a highly excited state, and running as hard as his great legs will carry him, with our mutual enemy at his tail.



What are the bets? Will that long-legged bond-holder of a devil come up with the honest Dutchman? It serves him right, why did he put his name to stamped paper? And yet we should not wonder that some lucky chance will turn up in burgomaster's favour, and that his infernal creditor will lose his labour; for one so proverbially cunning as yonder tall individual with the saucer eyes, it must be confessed that he has been very often outwitted.

There is, for instance, the case of 'The Gentleman in Black,' which has been illustrated by our artist. A young French gentleman, by name M. Desonge, who having expended his patrimony in a variety of taverns and gaming-houses, was one day pondering upon the exhausted state of his finances; and utterly

at a loss to think how he should provide means for future support, exclaimed, very naturally, "What the devil shall I do?" He had no sooner spoken,



than a GENTLEMAN IN BLACK made his appearance, whose authentic portrait Mr. Cruikshank has had the honour to paint. This gentleman produced a black-edged book out of a black bag, some black-edged papers tied up with black crape, and sitting down familiarly opposite M. Desonge, began conversing with him on the state of his affairs.

It is needless to state what was the result of the interview. M. Desonge was induced by the gentleman to sign his name to one of the black-edged papers, and found himself at the close of the conversation to be possessed of an unlimited command of capital. This arrangement completed, the Gentleman in Black posted (in an extraordinarily rapid manner) from Paris to London, there found a young English merchant in exactly the same situation in which M. Desonge had been, and concluded a bargain with the Briton of exactly the same nature.

The book goes on to relate how these young men spent the money so miraculously handed over to them, and how both, when the period drew near that was to witness the performance of *their* part of the bargain, grew melancholy, wretched, nay, so absolutely dishonourable as to seek for every means of breaking

through their agreement. The Englishman living in a country where the lawyers are more astute than any other lawyers in the world, took the advice of a Mr. Bagsby, of Lyon's Inn, whose name, as we cannot find it in the 'Law List,' we presume to be fictitious. Who could it be that was a match for the devil? Lord — very likely; we shall not give his name, but let every reader of this Review fill up the blank according to his own fancy, and on comparing it with the copy purchased by his neighbours, he will find that fifteen out of twenty have written down the same honoured name.

Well, the Gentleman in Black was anxious for the fulfilment of his bond. The parties met at Mr. Bagsby's chambers to consult, the Black Gentleman foolishly thinking that he could act as his own counsel, and fearing no attorney alive. But mark the superiority of British Law, and see how the black pettifogger was defeated.



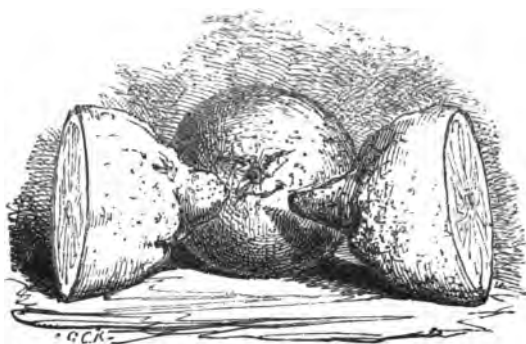
Mr. Bagsby simply stated that he would take the case into Chancery, and his antagonist, utterly humiliated and defeated, refused to move a step farther in the matter.

And now the French gentleman, M. Desonge, hearing of his friend's escape, became anxious to be free from his own rash engagements. He employed the same counsel who had been successful in the former instance, but the Gentleman in Black

was a great deal wiser by this time, and whether M. Desonge escaped, or whether he is now in that extensive place which is paved with good intentions, we shall not say. Those who are anxious to know had better purchase the book of Mr. Daly, of Leicester Square, wherein all these interesting matters are duly set down. We have one more diabolical picture in our budget, engraved by Mr. Thompson, the same dexterous artist who has rendered the former *diableries* so well.



We may mention Mr. Thompson's name as among the first of the engravers to whom Cruikshank's designs have been entrusted; and next to him (if we may be allowed to make such arbitrary distinctions) we may place Mr. Williams; and the reader is not possibly aware of the immense difficulties to be overcome in the rendering of these little sketches, which, traced by the designer in a few hours, require weeks' labour from the engraver. Mr. Cruikshank has not been educated in the regular schools of drawing, very luckily for him, as we think, and consequently has had to make a manner for himself, which is quite unlike that of any other draughtsman. There is nothing in the least mechanical about it; to produce his particular effects he uses his own particular lines, which are queer, free, fantastical, and must be followed in all their infinite twists and vagaries by the careful tool of the engraver. Look at these three lovely smiling heads, for instance.



Let us examine them, not so much for the jovial humour and wonderful variety of feature exhibited in these darling countenances as for the engraver's part of the work. See the infinite delicate cross-lines and hatchings which he is obliged to render ; let him go, not a hair's breadth, but the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, beyond the given line, and the *feeling* of it is ruined. He receives these little dots and specks, and fantastical quirks of the pencil, and cuts away with a little knife round each, nor too much nor too little. Antonio's pound of flesh did not puzzle the Jew so much ; and so well does the engraver succeed at last, that we never remember to have met with a single artist who did not vow that the wood-cutter had utterly ruined his design.

Of Messrs. Thompson and Williams we have spoken as the first engravers in point of rank ; however, the regulation of professional precedence are certainly very difficult, and the rest of their brethren we shall not endeavour to class. Why should the artists who executed the cuts of the admirable 'Three Courses' yield the *pas* to any one ? If the reader will turn back to the second cut in p. 28 he will agree with us that it is a very brilliant and faithful imitation of the artist's manner, and admire the pretty glimpse of landscape and the manner in which it is rendered ; the oyster cut is likewise very delicately engraved, and indeed we should be puzzled, were there no signatures, to assign the prize at all.

Here for instance, is an engraving by Mr. Landells, nearly as good in our opinion as the very best woodcut that ever was made after Cruikshank, and curiously happy in rendering the artist's



peculiar manner : this cut does not come from the facetious publications which we have consulted, and from which we have borrowed ; but is a contribution by Mr. Cruikshank to an elaborate and splendid botanical work upon the Orchidaceæ of Mexico, by Mr. Bateman. Mr. Bateman despatched some extremely choice roots of this valuable plant to a friend in England, who, on the arrival of the case, consigned it to his gardener to unpack. A great deal of anxiety with regard to the contents was manifested by all concerned, but on the lid of the box being removed, there issued from it three or four fine specimens of the enormous *Blatta* beetle that had been preying upon the plants during the voyage ; against these the gardeners, the grooms, the porters, and the porters' children, issued forth in arms, and which the artist has immortalized, as we see.

We have spoken of the admirable way in which Mr. Cruikshank has depicted Irish character and Cockney character ; here is English country character quite as faithfully delineated in the person of the stout portress and her children, and of yonder "Chawbacon" with the shovel, on whose face is written "Zummerzetsheer." Is it hypercriticism to say that the gardener on the ground is a Scotchman ? there is a well-known Scotch gentleman in London who must surely have stretched for the portrait. Chawbacon appears in another plate, or else Chawbacon's brother. He has come up to Lunnon, and is looking about him at raaces.



How distinct are these rustics from those whom we have just been examining! they hang about the purlieus of the metropolis: Brook Green, Epsom, Greenwich, Ascot, Goodwood, are their haunts. They visit London professionally once a year, and that is at the time of Bartholomew fair. How one may speculate upon the different degrees of rascality, as exhibited in each face of the thimblerrigging trio, and form little histories for these worthies, charming Newgate romances, such as have been of late the fashion! Is any man so blind that he cannot see the exact face that is writhing under the thimblerrigged hero's hat? Like Timanthes of old, our artist expresses great passions without the aid of the human countenance. Here is another specimen—

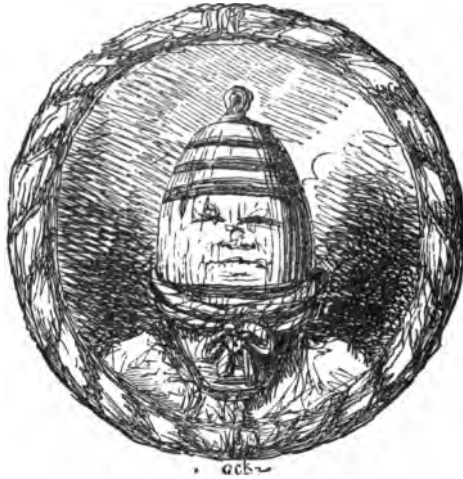


SPIRITS OF WINE.

Is there any need of having a face after this? "Come on," says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear—"come on, has any man a mind to tap me?" Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gaiety and courage; not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle-of-rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver: the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as sick can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.

Our artist then can cover up faces, and yet show them quite

clearly, as in the thimblerig group ; or he can do without faces altogether, as we see in the previous page ; or,



he can, at a pinch, provide a countenance for a gentleman out of any given object,—as we see here a beautiful Irish physiognomy being moulded upon a keg of whisky ; or here,



where a jolly English countenance froths out of a pot of ale (the spirit of brave Toby Philpot come back to reanimate his clay). Not to recognize in this fungus the physiognomy of that mushroom peer, Lord ——, would argue oneself unknown—



Finally, if he is at a loss, he can make a living head, body, and legs out of steel or tortoise-shell, as in the case of this vivacious pair of spectacles that are jockeying the nose of Caddy Cuddle:



Of late years Mr. Cruikshank has busied himself very much with steel engraving, and the consequences of that lucky invention have been, that his plates are now sold by thousands, where they could only be produced by hundreds before. He has made

many a bookseller's and author's fortune (we trust that in so doing he may not have neglected his own). Twelve admirable plates, furnished yearly to that facetious little publication, the 'Comic Almanac,' have gained for it a sale, as we hear, of nearly twenty thousand copies. The idea of the work was novel; there was, in the first number especially, a great deal of comic power, and Cruikshank's designs were so admirable that the 'Almanac' at once became a vast favourite with the public, and has so remained ever since.

Besides the twelve plates, this Almanac contains a prophetic wood-cut, accompanying an awful Blarneyhum Astrologicum that appears in this and other Almanacs. Here is one that hints in pretty clear terms that with the Reform of Municipal Corporations the ruin of the great Lord Mayor of London is at



hand. See his lordship here, he is meekly going to dine at an eightpenny ordinary,—his giants in pawn, his men in armour dwindled to "one poor knight," his carriage to be sold, his stalwart aldermen vanished, his sheriffs, alas! and alas! in gaol! Another design shows that Rigdum, if a true, is also a moral and instructive prophet. Behold John Bull asleep, or rather in a vision; the cunning demon, Speculation, blowing a thousand bright bubbles about him.



Meanwhile the rooks are busy at his fob, a knave has cut a cruel hole in his pocket, a rattlesnake has coiled safe round his feet, and will in a trice swallow Bull, chair, money and all; the rats are at his corn-bags, (as if, poor devil, he had corn to spare,) his faithful dog is bolting his leg-of-mutton, nay, a thief has gotten hold of his very candle, and there, by way of moral, is his ale-pot, which looks and winks in his face, and seems to say, O Bull, all this is froth, and a cruel satirical picture of a certain rustic who had a goose that laid certain golden eggs, which goose the rustic slew in expectation of finding all the eggs at once. This is goose and sage too, to borrow the pun of "learned Doctor Gill;" but we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Cruikshank is becoming a little conservative in his notions.

We love these pictures so



that it is hard to part us, and we still fondly endeavour to

hold on, but this wild word, farewell, must be spoken by the best friends at last, and so good-bye, brave wood-cuts; we feel quite a sadness in coming to the last of our collection. A word or two more have we to say, but no more pretty pictures,—take your last look of the woodcuts then—for not one more will appear after this page—not one more with which the pleased traveller may comfort his eye—a smiling oasis in a desert of text. What could we have done without these excellent merry pictures?

Reader and reviewer would have been tired of listening long since, and would have been



comfortably asleep.

In the earlier numbers of the 'Comic Almanac' all the manners and customs of Londoners that would afford food for fun were noted down; and if during the last two years the mysterious personage who, under the title of 'Rigdum Funnidos,' compiles this ephemeris, has been compelled to resort to romantic tales, we must suppose that he did so because the great metropolis was exhausted, and it was necessary to discover new worlds in the cloud-land of fancy. The character of Mr. Stubbs, who made his appearance in the Almanac for 1839, had, we think, great merit, although his adventures were somewhat of too tragical a description to provoke pure laughter. The publishers have allowed us to give a reprint of that admirable design before mentioned, in which Master Stubbs is represented under the school pump, to which place of punishment his associates have brought him. In the following *naïve* way the worthy gentleman describes his own mishap:—

"This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted a *pair of boots*. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.



MARCH.——Showery.

"But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer; but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

"There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

"So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

"'You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop boots,' said the shoemaker.

"'I suppose, fellow,' says I, 'that is my business, and not yours; either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully;' and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

"They had the desired effect.—'Stay, sir,' says he, 'I have a nice littel pair of dop boots dat I tink will jost do for you,' and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. 'Day were made,' said he, 'for de Honorable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small.'

"'Ah, indeed!' said I, 'Stiffney is a relation of mine: and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?'—He replied, 'Three pounds.'

"'Well,' said I, 'they are confoundedly dear, but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see.' The man looked alarmed, and began a speech; 'Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout,'—but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—'Sir! don't sir me—take off the boots, fellow, and, harkye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say—Sir.'

"'A hundred tousand pardons, my lort,' says he: 'if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?'

"'Name?—oh! why—LORD CORNWALLIS, to be sure,' said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"'And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?' 'Keep them until I send for them,' said I; and, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in a paper.

* * * * *

"This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

"Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between

school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind: what had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the school-room, and, burying my head between my hands, began reading for the dear life.

“ ‘I vant Lort Cornwallis;’ said the horrid bootmaker. ‘His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at church, yesterday.’

“ ‘Lord who?’

“ ‘Vy, Lort Cornwallis, to be sure—a very fat young nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and swears dreadfully.’

“ ‘There’s no Lord Cornwallis here;’ said one—and there was a pause.

“ ‘Stop! I have it;’ says that odious Bunting. ‘*It must be Stubbs;*’ and ‘Stubbs! Stubbs!’ every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

“ At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, run me into the play-ground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

“ ‘Dis is my man—I beg your lortship’s pardon,’ says he, ‘I have brought your lortship’s shoes, vich you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots.’

“ ‘Shoes, fellow!’ says I, ‘I never saw your face before;’ for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. ‘Upon the honour of a gentleman,’ said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

“ ‘Stop!’ says Bunting (hang him!), ‘Let’s see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then, the cobbler’s right’—they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

“ ‘Vat!’ said Stiffelkind, ‘is he not a lort? so help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;’ and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in, in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

“ ‘It’s only Lord Cornwallis, sir,’ said the boys, ‘battling with his shoemaker, about the price of a pair of top-boots.’

“ ‘O, sir,’ said I, ‘it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis.’

“ ‘In fun!—Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill.’ My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. ‘Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas.’

“ ‘You have been fool enough, sir,’ says the doctor, looking very stern, ‘to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave

enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home: you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys.'

" 'Suppose we duck him before he goes,' piped out a very small voice:—the doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the play-ground pump—they pumped upon me until I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted."

If the pictures which we are enabled to give at the conclusion of this notice are not quite so brilliant and clear as they were on the first appearance in the Almanac, the critic must be pleased to remember that we have been compelled to transfer to stone, having no other means of adapting them to the size of this review. When we recollect, too, that twenty thousand impressions were previously taken from the steels, the public will not be disposed to judge of the engravings in their present condition, but will see what they must have been when first they issued from the hands of the artist.* One or two have withstood the transfer operation very well, especially the pleasant plate of 'beating the bounds' (how kindly and good-humoured it is!) and the 'scene in court,' from last year's Almanac, in which the celebrated Mr. Mulligan appears in the act of addressing the bench in favour of his client, the famous Tuggeridge Coxo Tuggeridge.

"Standing here (says the orator), on the pedestal of sacred Themis (we follow the peculiar mode of spelling that is adopted in the Almanac) seeing around me the ornaments of a profession I respect, a vinnerable judge, an enlightened jury—the nation's glory, the country's cheap defendther, the poor man's priceless palladium, how must I thremble, my Lard, how must the blush of modesty befew my cheeks (somebody in court made an allusion to *cheeks* in the court, which caused a dreadful roar of laughter, and when order was established Mr. Mulligan continued): My Lard, I heed them not, I come from a counthry accustomed to opprission, and as that

* Apropos of the "Holiday at the Public Offices"—(a delightful picture of real life)—we are reminded of the diary kept by a certain clerk in a certain public office eastward of Cornhill, whose daily duties began with a good breakfast, provided for him whilst the monopoly of the China trade lasted.

From 10 till 11—ate a breakfast for seven.

From 11 till noon,—to begin, 'twas too soon.

From 12 till 1—asked what's to be done?

From 1 till 2—found nothing to do.

From 2 till 3—began to foresee

That from 3 till 4 would be a great bore.

country, yes, my Lord, that *Ireland* (do not laugh, I am proud of it) is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, lovely, and beautiful; in like manner my client's cause will rise superior to the malignant imbecility, I repeat, my Lord, **THE MALIGNANT IMBECILITY** of those who would thrample it down, and in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my country's, aye, and in *my own*, I with folded arrums hurl a scornful and eternal defiance!"

We should be glad to devote a few pages to the 'Illustrations of Time,' the 'Scraps and Sketches,' and the 'Illustrations of Phrenology,' which are among the most famous of our artist's publications; but it is very difficult to find new terms of praise, as find them one must, when reviewing Mr. Cruikshank's publications, and more difficult still (as the reader of this notice will no doubt have perceived for himself long since) to translate his designs into words, and go to the printer's box for a description of all that fun and humour which the artist can produce by a few skilful turns of his needle. A famous article upon the 'Illustrations of Time' appeared some dozen years since in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' of which the conductors have always been great admirers of our artist, as became men of humour and genius. To these grand qualities do not let it be supposed that we are laying claim, but, thank Heaven, Cruikshank's humour is so good and benevolent that any man must love it, and on this score we may speak as well as another.

Then there are the 'Greenwich Hospital' designs, which must not be passed over. 'Greenwich Hospital' is a hearty, good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin school, treating of the virtues of British tars, in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yard-arm and yard-arming, athwart-hawsing, marlinspiking, binnaceling, and helm's-a-leeing, as honest seamen invariably do, in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship. This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman, as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest good-will. Let any one look at the noble head of Nelson, in the 'Family Library,' and they will, we are sure, think with us that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew. There are to this abridgment of Southey's admirable book many more cuts after Cruikshank; and about a dozen pieces by the same hand will be found in a work equally popular, Lockhart's excellent 'Life of Napoleon.' Among these the retreat from Moscow is very fine; the Mamelouks most vigorous, furious, and barbarous, as they should be. At the end of these three volumes Mr. Cruikshank's contribu-

tions to the 'Family Library,' seem suddenly to have ceased; the work, which was then the property of Mr. Murray, has since that period passed into the hands of Mr. Tegg, whose shop seems to be the bourne to which most books travel—the fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave. Mr. Tegg, like death, will never give up his prey. We implored of him a loan of the precious wood-blocks that are buried in his warehouses; but no, Tegg was inexorable, and such of Mr. Cruikshank's charming little children as have found their way to him, have not been permitted to take a holiday with many of their brethren whose guardians are not so severe.

Let us offer our thanks to Messrs. Whitehead, Tilt, Robins, Darton and Clark, Thomas, and Daly, proprietors of the Cruikshank cuts, who have lent us of their store. Only one man has imitated Mr. Tegg, and he, we are sorry to say, is no other than George Cruikshank himself, who, although besought by humble ambassadors, pestered by printers'-devils and penny post letters, did resolutely refuse to have any share in the blowing of his own trumpet, and showed our messengers to the door.

Our stock of plates has also been increased by the kindness of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who have lent us some of the designs for the Boz sketches, not the worst among Mr. Dickens's books, as we think, and containing some of the best of Mr. Cruikshank's designs.

We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist, who has given us the portraits of his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the Jew and Bumble, and the heroes and heroines of the Boz sketches, become personal acquaintances with each of us. O that Hogarth could have illustrated Fielding in the same way! and fixed down on paper those grand figures of Parson Adams, and Squire Allworthy, and the great Jonathan Wild.

With regard to the modern romance of 'Jack Sheppard,' in which the latter personage makes a second appearance, it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for awhile, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down—let him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale? George Cruikshank's pictures—always George Cruikshank's pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance; all the author's laboured description of that event has

passed clean away—we have only before the mind's eye the fine plates of Cruikshank. The poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch, as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters; and let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has; how awful is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames; "the ripple of the water," "the darkling current," "the indistinctly seen craft," "the solemn shadows," and other phenomena visible on rivers at night are detailed (with not unskilful rhetoric) in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description. "As Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a war like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before, the surface of the stream was as black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething, like an enormous cauldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river, whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain-drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. Destruction everywhere marked the course of the gale. Steeples toppled and towers reeled beneath its fury. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations and returned to them, scared by greater danger. The end of the world seemed at hand. * * * * The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale *would have been instantly stifled*," &c. &c. See with what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth's description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood's dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remem-


bered afterwards, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to glance through the whole of the 'Jack Sheppard' plates, which are among the most finished and the most successful of Mr. Cruikshank's performances, and say a word or two concerning them. Let us begin with finding fault with No. 1, 'Mr. Wood offers to adopt little Jack Sheppard.' A poor print, on a poor subject; the figure of the woman not as carefully designed as it might be, and the expression of the eyes (not an uncommon fault with our artist) much caricatured. The print is cut up, to use the artist's phrase, by the numbers of accessories which the engraver has thought proper, after the author's elaborate description, elaborately to reproduce. The plate of 'Wild discovering Darrell in the loft' is admirable—ghastly, terrible, and the treatment of it extraordinarily skilful, minute, and bold. The intricacies of the tile-work, and the mysterious twinkling of light among the beams, are excellently felt and rendered, and one sees here, as in the two next plates of the storm and murder, what a fine eye the artist has, what a skilful hand, and what a sympathy for the wild and dreadful. As a mere imitation of nature, the clouds and the bridge in the murder picture may be examined by painters who make far higher pretensions than Mr. Cruikshank. In point of workmanship they are equally good, the manner quite unaffected, the effect produced without any violent contrast, the whole scene evidently well and philosophically arranged in the artist's brain, before he began to put it upon copper.

The famous drawing of 'Jack carving his name on the beam,' which has been transferred to half the play-bills in town, is overloaded with accessories, as the first plate; but they are much better arranged than in the last-named engraving, and do not injure the effect of the principal figure. Remark, too, the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd pervading idea of *form* which is one of his principal characteristics. Jack is surrounded by all sorts of implements of his profession; he stands on a regular carpenter's table, away in the shadow under it lie shavings and a couple of carpenter's hampers. The glue-pot, the mallet, the chisel-handle, the planes, the saws, the hone with its cover, and the other paraphernalia are all represented with extraordinary accuracy and forethought. The man's mind has retained the exact *drawing* of all these minute objects (unconsciously perhaps to himself), but we can see with what keen eyes he must go through the world, and what a fund of facts (as such a knowledge of the shape of objects is in his profession) this keen student of nature has stored away in his brain. In the next plate,

where Jack is escaping from his mistress, the figure of that lady, one of the deepest of the *βαθυκολλοι*, strikes us as disagreeable and unrefined; that of Winifred is, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; and Jack's puzzled, slinking look must not be forgotten. All the accessories are good, and the apartment has a snug, cosy air, which is not remarkable, except that it shows how faithfully the designer has performed his work, and how curiously he has entered into all the particulars of the subject.

Master Thames Darrell, the handsome young man of the book, is, in Mr. Cruikshank's portraits of him, no favourite of ours. The lad seems to wish to make up for the natural insignificance of his face by frowning on all occasions most portentously.

 This figure, borrowed from the compositor's desk, will give a notion of what we mean. Wild's face is too violent for the great man of history (if we may call Fielding history), but this is in consonance with the ranting, frowning, braggadocio character that Mr. Ainsworth has given him.

The 'Interior of Willesden Church' is excellent as a composition, and a piece of artistical workmanship; the groups well arranged, and the figure of Mrs. Sheppard looking round alarmed, as her son is robbing the dandy Kneebone, is charming, simple, and unaffected. Not so 'Mrs. Sheppard ill in bed,' whose face is screwed up to an expression vastly too tragic. The little glimpse of the church seen through the open door of the room is very beautiful and poetical: it is in such small hints that an artist especially excels; they are the morals which he loves to append to his stories, and are always appropriate and welcome. The boozing ken is not to our liking; Mrs. Sheppard is there with her horrified eyebrows again. Why this exaggeration—is it necessary for the public? We think not, or if they require such excitement, let our artist, like a true painter as he is, teach them better things.*

The 'Escape from Willesden cage' is excellent; the 'Burglary in Wood's house' has not less merit; 'Mrs. Sheppard in Bedlam,' a ghastly picture, indeed, is finely conceived, but not,

* A gentleman (whose wit is so celebrated that one should be very cautious in repeating his stories,) gave the writer a good illustration of the philosophy of exaggeration. Mr. — was once behind the scenes at the Opera when the scene-shifters were preparing for the ballet. Flora was to sleep under a bush, whereon were growing a number of roses, and amidst which was fluttering a gay covey of butterflies. In size the roses exceeded the most expansive sun-flowers, and the butterflies were as large as cocked hats;—the scene-shifter explained to Mr. —, who asked the reason why everything was so magnified, that the galleries could never see the objects unless they were enormously exaggerated. How many of our writers and designers work for the galleries?

as we fancy, so carefully executed ; it would be better for a little more careful drawing in the female figure.

'Jack sitting for his picture' is a very pleasing group, and savours of the manner of Hogarth, who is introduced in the company. The 'Murder of Trenchard' must be noticed too as remarkable for the effect and terrible vigour which the artist has given to the scene. The 'Willesden Churchyard' has great merit too, but the gems of the book are the little vignettes illustrating the escape from Newgate. Here, too, much anatomical care of drawing is not required ; the figures are so small that the outline and attitude need only to be indicated, and the designer has produced a series of figures quite remarkable for reality and poetry too. There are no less than ten of Jack's feats so described by Mr. Cruikshank. (Let us say a word here in praise of the excellent manner in which the author has carried us through the adventure.) Here is Jack clattering up the chimney, now peering into the lonely red room, now opening "the door between the red room and the chapel." What a wild, fierce, scared look he has, the young ruffian, as cautiously he steps in, holding light his bar of iron. You can see by his face how his heart is beating ! If any one were there ! but no ! And this is a very fine characteristic of the prints, the extreme *loneliness* of them all. Not a soul is there to disturb him—woe to him who should—and Jack drives in the chapel gate, and shatters down the passage door, and there you have him on the leads, up he goes, it is but a spring of a few feet from the blanket, and he is gone—*abijt, evasit, erupit*. Mr. Wild must catch him again if he can.

We must not forget to mention 'Oliver Twist,' and Mr. Cruikshank's famous designs to that work.* The sausage scene at Fagin's, Nancy seizing the boy ; that capital piece of humour, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite account of the interview ; Sykes's farewell to the dog ; and the Jew,—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew ! What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sykes and the dog ! The poor cur is not too well drawn, the landscape is stiff and formal ; but in this case the faults, if faults they be, of execution rather add to than diminish the effect of the picture : it has a strange, wild, dreary, broken-hearted look ; we fancy we see the landscape as it must have appeared to Sykes, when ghastly and with bloodshot eyes he looked at it. As for the Jew in the dungeon, let us say

* Or his new work, 'The Tower of London,' which promises even to surpass Mr. Cruikshank's former productions.

nothing of it—what we can say to describe it? What a fine homely poet is the man who can produce this little world of mirth or woe for us! Does he elaborate his effects by slow process of thoughts, or do they come to him by instinct? Does the painter ever arrange in his brain an image so complete, that he afterwards can copy it exactly on the canvas, or does the hand work in spite of him?

A great deal of this random work of course every artist has done in his time, many men produce effects of which they never dreamed, and strike off excellencies, hap-hazard, which gain for them reputation; but a fine quality in Mr. Cruikshank, the quality of his success, as we have said before, is the extraordinary earnestness and good faith with which he executes all he attempts—the ludicrous, the polite, the low, the terrible. In the second of these he often, in our fancy, fails, his figures lacking elegance and descending to caricature; but there is something fine in this too; it is good that he *should* fail, that he should have these honest *naïve* notions regarding the *beau monde*, the characteristics of which a namby-pamby tea-party painter could hit off far better than he. He is a great deal too downright and manly to appreciate the flimsy delicacies of small society—you cannot expect a lion to roar you like any sucking dove, or frisk about a drawing-room like a lady's little spaniel.

If then, in the course of his life and business, he has been occasionally obliged to imitate the ways of such small animals, he has done so, let us say it at once, clumsily, and like as a lion should. Many artists, we hear, hold his works rather cheap; they prate about bad drawing, want of scientific knowledge;—they would have something vastly more neat, regular, anatomical.

Not one of the whole band most likely but can paint an academy figure better than himself; nay, or a portrait of an alderman's lady and family of children. But look down the list of the painters and tell us who are they? How many among these men are *poets*, makers, possessing the faculty to create, the greatest among the gifts with which Providence has endowed the mind of man? Say how many there are, count up what they have done, and see what in the course of some nine-and-twenty years has been done by this indefatigable man.

What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him! As a boy he began to fight for bread, has been hungry (twice a day we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his wit for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter's thin pinch-beck who can live comfortably for six weeks when paid for and painting a portrait, and fancies his mind prodigiously occupied

all the while. There was an artist in Paris, an artist hair-dresser, who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of head-dressing has Cruikshank lived: time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it he was paid three guineas—a poor week's pittance truly, and a dire week's labour. We make no doubt that the same labour would at present bring him twenty times the sum; but whether it be ill-paid or well, what labour has Mr. Cruikshank's been! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new; some smiling offspring of painful labour, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren; in what hours of sorrow and ill-health to be told by the world, "Make us laugh or you starve—Give us fresh fun; we have eaten up the old and are hungry." And all this has he been obliged to do—to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill-health or depression—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done and done well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humour, caused a single painful or guilty blush; how little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!

Here, as we are come round to the charge of ingratitude, the starting-post from which we set out, perhaps we had better conclude. The reader will perhaps wonder at the high-flown tone in which we speak of the services and merits of an individual, whom he considers a humble scraper on steel, that is wonderfully popular already. But none of us remember all the benefits we owe him; they have come one by one, one driving out the memory of the other: it is only when we come to examine them altogether as the writer has done, who has a pile of books on the table before him*—a heap of personal kindnesses from George Cruikshank (not presents, if you please, for we bought, borrowed, or stole every one of them), that we feel what we owe him. Look at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humourist. Look at all, his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression; as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing. ⑥

* The long list of Mr. Cruikshank's works which heads this article is, we fear, far from complete, though we have tried hard to make it so.

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HIS Bibliography commences with the brief-lived College Magazine, to which Mr. SWINBURNE was one of the chief contributors when an undergraduate at Oxford in 1857-58, and ends with the newly-published *Century of Roundels*. Besides a careful enumeration and description of the first editions of all his separately published volumes and pamphlets in verse and prose, the original appearance is duly noted of every poem, prose article, or letter, contributed to any journal or magazine (e.g., *Once-a-Week*, *The Spectator*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Morning Star*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Examiner*, *The Dark Blue*, *The Academy*, *The Athenæum*, *The Tatler*, *Belgravia*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *La République des Lettres*, *Le Rappel*, *The Glasgow University Magazine*, *The Daily Telegraph*, &c., &c.), whether collected or uncollected. Among other entries will be found a remarkable novel, published in instalments and never issued in a separate form, and several productions in verse not generally known to be from Mr. SWINBURNE's pen. The whole forms a copious and it is believed approximately complete record of a remarkable and brilliant literary career, extending already over a quarter of a century.

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